

The Daily Herald.

VOL. 1.

BROWNSVILLE, CAMERON COUNTY, TEXAS. SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

NO. 120

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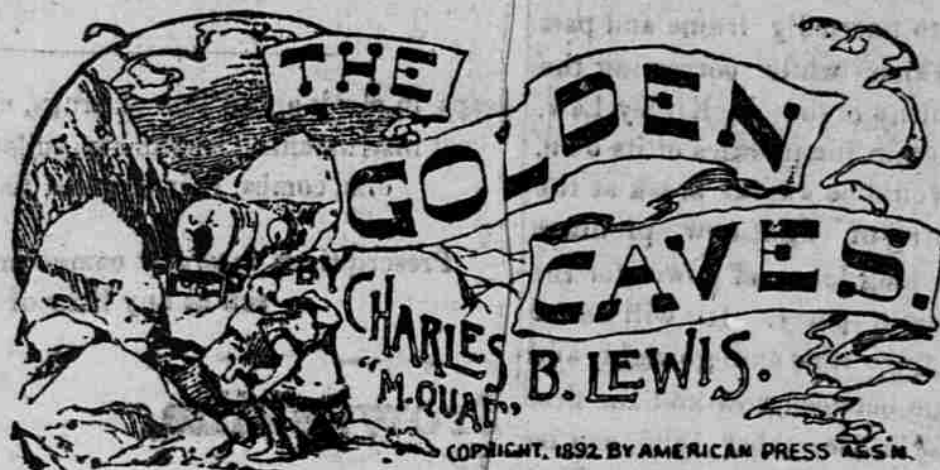
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CHAPTER V.

Let us follow Joe as he leaves the
rocky breastworks and creeps forward in
the darkness.

The Indian never leaves his dead in
the hands of an enemy if it can be
avoided. It is not chivalry which in-
duces him to peril his life to remove a
dead body, but superstition. As soon as
night fell preparations were made to
secure the dead scattered on the slope.
Half of the bodies had been removed
when Joe made his start.

There was but one chance of his work-
ing through the lines, and he was tak-
ing it. Before he had crept twenty feet
he found himself beside the body of a
warrior, as he hoped and expected to.
He seized it by the arm and began tugging
it toward the gully. When half the
distance had been accomplished he was
joined by a warrior who came up from
behind and seized the other arm and said:

"I thought it was my brother, at he
must be farther up."

Joe uttered a grunt in reply, and the
two dragged the body to the bank of
the gully. There other hands joined
it, and as it was lifted down to be borne
away for burial Joe passed along with
the three or four warriors in charge.
No one seemed to give him particular
notice. There were only a few Indians
in the gully, the main force having with-
drawn temporarily farther to the north.



The pony went forward.

As Joe followed the line down the
gully he met several Indians coming up
to help remove the dead, but he had not
gone over two hundred feet when a
break in the right bank ferred him an
opportunity to leave the ditch. He
scrambled out at once and dropped to
his hands and knees and crawled away
in the darkness.

He had passed the gully, which had
been considered the great point of dan-
ger, and now to get the top of the ground
about him and seek to discover if there
was another circle of Indians. Creeping
forward as silently as a rabbit he ascend-
ed a ridge from which he could make
observations.

The Indians were trying off their
dead—a portion of them—while the
others had built fire behind another
ridge and were cooking their meat.
They seemed assured that the white
men would make no move to assume the
offensive, and the relief had evidently
demoralized them for the time being.

The way to the north and the west
was unobstructed, far as the scout
could determine in the darkness, and
after a bit he moved forward, having no
other object in view than to cover the
twenty miles between him and the forks
of the Cheyenne as soon as possible. He
was carefully picking his way to the
northwest, neglecting no precaution un-
til he should be certain that he was be-
yond the lines, when he suddenly came
upon a dozen more Indian ponies
bunched in a bow where the damp-
ness had brought forth a growth of
sweet grass. Two or three were hob-
bled, but the rest were free, and after
creeping clear round the circle Joe
failed to find a guard. If one had been
left he had temporarily abandoned his
post.

The Indian's dog and dog are like
the Indian himself. They hate the
white man, though Joe's disguise
had carried him through the Indians his
recent betrayal him to the horses at
once, and as he crept nearer, those which

were unretained moved away. The
scout knew the characteristics of the
animals, and he lost no time. From a
heap of saddles, blankets and lariats he
seized a rawhide rope and made a dash
for one of the hobbled ponies, making
off as fast as his situation would permit.
In a couple of minutes he got the rope
around the pony's neck and looped it
into his mouth and then he had him. It
was not more than five minutes work
to cast off the hobbles and arrange blanket
and saddle, and then he led the animal
out of the hollow and over the ridge
and away into the darkness until he felt
safe in mounting him. The beast fought
hard for a few minutes, knowing that it
was all wrong, but the strong arms and
the hard heels of the scout finally hum-
bled him, and he went off through the
darkness at a gait which would have
distanced pursuit had it been attempted.

Up one ridge—down the other side—
up and down—never a change in the lay
of the ground for miles and miles, but
holding as straight for the forks as the
needle of the compass could point.

Hunters in the woods have their signs
and need no compass. The hunters and
scouts on the plains seem to divine by
intuition. To the average eye the great
plains are a trackless waste. To the
scout they are an open book. Blindfold
him and lead him in circles for an hour,
and when the hoodwink is removed he
will give the compass points without
hesitation.

And an Indian has the instincts of a
fish or wild animal. The panther or
wolf may be driven from his lair and
pursued for miles, but he can return to
it by the shortest route. Lead an In-
dian blindfolded a hundred miles from
any familiar point and turn him loose
and his eyes will instinctively turn in
the direction of home.

As Joe rode forward through the
gloom of night he had no fear that he
would come out above or below the
forks. His only anxiety was that he
might fail in finding the party. Sup-
pose it had pushed ahead faster than he
had figured! Suppose it was still two or
three days away! Suppose the order to
set out had been countermanded!

The pony went forward through the
darkness at a steady gait, seeming never
to tire, and after midnight the charac-
ter of the country began to change. Instinct
told the scout that he was approaching
the forks. If the party were there there

would be a score of signs to show it be-
fore coming within rifle range. At the
distance of a mile away Joe pulled his
horse down to a walk and thus went
forward, listening with bated breath for
some sound to locate the camp.

The soft footsteps of his horse alone
broke the mighty silence. Not so much
as the chirp of a cricket came to him
from out the darkness.

When yet half a mile from the forks
Joe's heart sank within him. If there
was a camp near at hand his horse
should make some sign. The Indian's
dog and pony are his sentinels as he
sleeps.

There was a grove of cottonwoods at
the forks, and around and about was
grass in plenty. It was the spot for a
camp, but there was no camp. The
scout advanced at a steady walk until
he reached the edge of the grove un-
challenged. That settled it. The party
had not arrived. He almost cried out
in his disappointment, and for the next
few minutes he knew not what to do.

"They may have passed here no longer
ago than noon," he finally argued with
himself, "or they may be only half a
day's march to the east. I must wait
for daylight to determine."

He had no fear of Indians here. Ev-
ery redskin for fifty miles around had
been called in to make up the force now
besieging the train. The pony was wa-
tered and staked out, and then the scout
penetrated the grove a short distance
and flung himself down to sleep. In
ten minutes he was sleeping like a child.
Therein lies the secret of the endurance
of the plainmen. They drill themselves
in sleeping. No opportunity to sleep
for even a quarter of an hour is ever

neglected. In Custer's battles with the
red men his scouts slept in the deep
snow with the thermometer at zero
while waiting for daylight and the open-
ing of the battle of Wichita.

Nothing occurred to create an alarm
or disturb the scout's slumbers, and
with the first signs of dawn he was on
his feet. A quarter of an hour later he
was beating back and forth for signs of
the white party. Ten minutes' search
satisfied him. It had not passed. No
one, white or red, had passed the forks
within three days. Joe had no food,
and as his rifle had been left behind the
prospect of procuring fresh meat was
anything but encouraging. Anxiety
offsets hunger, however.

At the east end of the grove was a
tall cottonwood standing alone. Joe
mounted to its very top to make an ob-
servation. The country to the northeast
was rolling, with timber along the
course of the river, but after scanning
the country as closely as possible the
scout descended with the conviction
that no considerable body of men was
within twenty miles of him. Had the
party from Fort Sully been within fif-
teen miles of him he could have detected
the smoke of their morning camp-
fires.

Should he wait? Not his impatience
was too great. He had left the belea-
guered wagon train feeling that the fate
of every man depended upon finding the
soldiers at the forks. It had been a long,
long night to the men crouched down
behind the breastworks and expecting
an attack at any moment. Had an at-
tack been made? Had they been strong
enough to repel it? If not, the morning
sun was looking upon their disfigured
corpses. If so, the horrors of thirst
were creeping in upon the defenders to
madden and disorganize them. Every
mouthful of meat and bread would but
add to their torments. Every hour
would render the heroes more desperate.

And every man left behind was de-
pending on the energy of the scout,
whose nerve had carried him out of the
fort to save the party from the horrible
fate which seemed in store for them.
Joe realized this, and taking a de-
draft of the cold waters of the Chey-
enne he caught up his horse and mount-
ed and hel for the west, keeping the
right hand bank of the river and push-
ing the gal, as fast as he dared. He
had begun to believe that no party had
left Fort Sully, but he was riding fur-
iously forward in that desperation which
makes men cling to straws in midocean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cleveland to Stevenson.

Bloomington, Ill., Nov. 15.—
Vice President elect Stevenson to-
day began going through an im-
mense pile of letters which have
been accumulated since the election
day. The first one to run across
was one bearing the postmark of
New York, in the writing of ex-
President Cleveland, having been
mailed several days ago. It was
mainly of a private nature being
warmly congratulatory to Mr.
Stevenson for his part in the
campaign. He refers also to the
great responsibility which was joint-
ly upon the newly-elected chiefs.

Ochiltree and His Steed.

London, Nov. 11.—Colonel North
has decided to send his string of
horses of America next month to
fill engagements made a year ago.
These horses, which will be under
the control of Colonel Thomas P.
Ochiltree, include El Diablo, whose
recent defeat by Orms at Newmark-
et is still fresh in the public mind.
Idlesleigh, Roberts and Arturo are
to run, while Etham Queen, Anti-
pirnie and Emira are engaged in
the American Derby, Queen Lea-
bella stakes and Sheridan stakes at
Chicngo. Several 2 year olds will
accompany them, which will be the
most valuable string ever shipped
from England.

Subscribe for THE HERALD.

The Gallant Hernandez Must Die.

From the Eagle Pass Guide.

The sentence of death pronoun-
ed against Colonel Nieves Hernan-
dez by the court martial held in
Monterey has been confirmed by
the supreme court of military jus-
tice in Mexico City. The charge
against Colonel Hernandez was
treason and deception, and was
based on his action when ordered
to pursue the so-called revolutionists
under Catarino Garza on the Rio
Grande frontier. It was charged
that, having positive information of
the presence of Garza and his hand-
ful of men, instead of following
and attacking them, he ordered his
troops to dismount, water and feed
their horses; this gave time for
Garza to learn that the federal troops
were in the field, and make his es-
cape; and that on another occasion
when he came up with Garza's
men, Hernandez did not give the
order to attack until the enemy
were beyond rifle range. Of these
charges Hernandez was declared
guilty and the sentence of death
was pronounced upon him. He ap-
pealed from the sentence of the
court of military justice. The
court, after mature and prolonged
deliberation and discussion during
several months, has now formally
confirmed the sentence of death
pronounced by the court martial
on the 22nd of last January, on the
charge of treason, and absolves him
from the charge of deception. The
condemned man has taken a further
appeal to another branch of the
supreme military court, and if this
should also confirm the sentence,
then the only hope for Colonel
Hernandez will be the executive
clemency. It is expected that with-
in a month the case will be final-
ly closed.

The Jim Hogg Pipe Foundry.

Rush, Tex., Nov. 15.—The Jim
Hogg pipe foundry at the Rush
penitentiary made its initial start
today and everything worked
smoothly. It is an extensive plant
and will manufacture a large part
of the state's iron product.

The Confederate Flag.

Galveston News.

The flag known as the stars and
bars was the first flag adopted by
the confederate congress at Mont-
gomery. The battle flag was de-
signed by General Beauregard and
was adopted by General J. E. John-
ston after the first battle of Bull
Run, and was afterward adopted
by congress. In May, 1863, con-
gress adopted another national flag,
the battle flag occupying the place
of the Union Jack in the United
States flag, and the remainder in
white.

—If you want a cool glass of beer
go to Mike Leahy's.

Fine pine-apple preserves at
Bredda & Bro's grocery store, at
30 cents a pound.

Barreda always leads with fresh
groceries.